

NEWPORT NUMBER

Suck

WEEK ENDING JULY 11, 1914
PRICE TEN CENTS




PAINTED BY HY MAYER

GOLDFISHING



BY HY MAYER

"OH SINFUL MOTHER EARTH!"

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| <p>Published by PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION 295-299 Lafayette Street, New York NATHAN STRAUS, Jr., President H. GRANT STRAUS, Sec. and Treas.</p> <p>Editor, HY MAYER General Manager, FOSTER GILROY Literary Editor, A. H. FOLWELL</p> |  <p>Puck</p> <p>WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!</p> | <p>IF you have some friend in Newport, or Narragansett Pier, or Jamestown, to whom this issue would prove of interest, send us his name and address on a post-card. A copy of the number will be mailed without charge.</p> |
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**Puck's
\$100
Prize
Award**

Freeman Tilden, of Oakham, Mass., is the winner of PUCK's first \$100 prize for the most humorous contribution of the week. His story, "The Bounding Billiardist," has been rated the winning contribution, and PUCK takes pleasure in sending Mr. Tilden the hundred dollars. In this connection, it may be interesting to state that Mr. Tilden is not even remotely related to any member of the PUCK staff. Even his visits to the PUCK sanctum have been very few and far between. We mention this only to establish the fact that this weekly award of \$100 is made without fear or favor to the best man. No writer in any manner connected with our regular staff of contributors is permitted to compete. Remember, the \$100 is awarded *every week* for the best dialogue, monologue, or story, preferably of from five hundred to one thousand words, or the best verse of from fifty to seventy-five lines. Mark your Mss. "Prize Contest," send stamps for a possible return trip, and await developments. Puck's only reservation is the right to buy at its regular rate any contribution submitted in the competition. We may mention that these rates are the highest prevailing in the literary world to-day. "I send it *first* to Puck," is rapidly becoming the favorite answer made by humorous writers of reputation, when asked to give a reason for their fame. See that you, too, "Send it first to Puck."

**Welcome,
Old
Friends**

The feeling of many of the large advertisers of the country toward PUCK has in no way been better summed up than in the letter which we here quote from a friend of long standing:

"We have requested our advertising agents to re-instate PUCK in the list of mediums in which we use advertising space.

"PUCK was removed from our list several months ago because it seemed to us to be losing ground rapidly, but since it has come into your management, we have noticed a lot of improvement, and for this reason . . . we have decided that it is to our advantage to appear again in your paper.

"We congratulate you upon the improvement you have made in your magazine, and feel certain that it will prove of value to us now, as it has done in the past."

Welcoming old friends who have been quick to appreciate the extraordinary improvement in PUCK, has become a very pleasant addition to the multitudinous toils of our advertising department.

Within a few weeks they will all be back. A glad hand awaits them!

Contents of this Number

IN PICTURE

COVER DESIGN—GOLDFISHING - HY MAYER
 SINFUL MOTHER EARTH - HY MAYER
 HAPPY DAYS AT NEWPORT - GEORGE R. BRILL
 THAT'S ABOUT ALL - STRIMPL
 LET GEORGE DO IT - LAWSON WOOD
 A SKETCH-BOOK AT NEWPORT - R. C. EWER
 THE SPIRIT OF NEWPORT - W. D. GOLDBECK
 BEACH COMBERS - RAY ROHN
 MODESTY - ALFRED RABOCH

Other illustrations by Greene, Anderson, Bisbell, Grant, Held.

IN TEXT

EXCEPTIONS (Poem) JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
 MAIZIE MOONEY, MAWSEUSE KATE MASTERSON

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

THE NEWS IN RIME - DANA BURNET
 THE LOVE-LETTERS - CHARLES HANSON TOWNE
 AMBROSIA (Poem) - BURGESS JOHNSON
 PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT - P. A. VAILE
 THE POMPS OF FASHION - OLGA ST. CLAIR

Illustrated by N. I. Pernstein

THE SEVEN ARTS - JAMES HUNEKER
 THE NEWS THAT'S GOIN' ROUND - QUINCY KILBY
 UPS AND DOWNS OF WALL STREET - A. ULMANN

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Terms Puck is mailed to subscribers at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$5.50 per year, \$2.75 for six months; Foreign, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months. All communications should be addressed to the Puck Publishing Corporation. Puck will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. MSS. sent in by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

**The
Cost
of
Puck**

We recently made the statement in an advertisement that the cost of producing a single issue of PUCK closely totalled five thousand dollars. In the course of a year, PUCK, in literary contents, paper, plates, ink, and labor, represents an investment in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million dollars. Very few magazines

cost their publishers so great a sum. The copy of PUCK, for which you pay ten cents at the news-stand, has cost the publishers sixteen cents to produce. Such a statement might indicate that PUCK is in the publishing business for his health, but such is not the case; and with a growing circulation comes the turn in the tide. It does indicate, however, that PUCK is making good on his promise to produce a weekly of which all America might be proud. With this goal, PUCK cannot stop to pare cheese. Good paintings, handsomely reproduced, and their proper literary accompaniment, demand an outlay that very few publications have thus far shown a disposition to meet, and PUCK's immediate success may in a large measure be attributed to its fearlessness in establishing a field decidedly and distinctively its own. PUCK is not necessarily the *best* paper in its field; it is the *only* periodical in its field, and therein lies its greatest appeal both to reader and to advertiser.

**Puck
Makes
a
Request**

Oftimes your town conveniences do not follow you on your vacation wanderings, and your natural recourse is to the advertising pages of your favorite periodical. PUCK has been making many new advertising friends lately—friends who are destined to become more steadfast as PUCK's circulation increases—and in their behalf we desire to bespeak the kindly interest of our readers. It is an easy matter to say, "I saw it advertised in PUCK," when moved to make a purchase through our advertising columns, and such a statement means much to PUCK and to the advertiser himself, who is thus able to trace the source of his sales. In this connection it seems scarcely necessary to state that PUCK, in common with all its reputable contemporaries, protects its readers to the extent of keeping its columns free from questionable advertising. Indeed, the rigid censorship maintained by most periodicals over their advertising pages has relegated to obscurity the once universally recognized necessity, so tersely expressed by the phrase, *caveat emptor*. Alert PUCK maintains a close scrutiny of his advertising columns.

**Turn
to
Page
23**

The customary coupon that adorns this corner—shall we say "Amen Corner"?—is this week relegated to page 23, where the dotted line awaits your signature. In its stead we are running a summary of the men of distinction in the art and literary worlds who are contributing regularly to PUCK. Few names of distinction in the gentle art of producing laughter in word or picture are missing from this roster.

**The Puck Staff of Contributors
includes the leading names of
the literary and artistic worlds.**

AMERICA—

Cartoonists and Illustrators:

Hy Mayer, Keppler, Greene, De Zayas, Fornaro, Goldbeck, Sarka, Falls, Hill, Gordon Grant, Hamblidge.

Writers:

James Hunecker, P. A. Vaile, Benjamin De Casseres, Richard LeGallienne, Percival Wilde, John Kendrick Bangs, Edgar Saltus, George Jean Nathan, Berton Braley.

ENGLAND—

W. H. Barribal, Lawson Wood, Will Houghton, Mabel Lucie Attwell.

GERMANY—Gilles, Kley.

FRANCE—

Strimpl, Martin, Donilo, Wennerberg.



Congress not having enough to do, Representative Smith of New York wants to lug in the Peary-Cook North Pole feud. "I think Cook should have his day in court," says Smith. Cook's day is usually Thursday.

"Mr. Perkins has been on the whole the most useful member of the Progressive party."

—The Colonel.

An angel is a useful member of *any* show.

"We want to support the paper that stands for something," said a speaker at the Advertising Men's Convention. In contradistinction, we presume, to the paper that "stands in with somebody."

And now comes a prying archaeological person who says that Noah, not Adam, ate the forbidden fruit. The descendants of Adam may be counted on to make a row about this, as they have always been mighty vain and uppish on matters involving the family honor.

Among those who scoff at the failure of the new tariff to provide adequate revenue are the good patriots who dodged their income tax.

A very young man by the not unknown name of Harriman has been made a vice-president and "director of purchases" of the Union Pacific Railroad. He will never rise high, we fear, in his chosen profession, all his railroad training having been had away from Wall Street. What can a man brought up with shop, section and surveying gangs ever know about real rail-roading?

"There can be no immediate election held in Mexico. We would want no election until the bandit-like conditions die out, and that will be months and possibly years."

—General Carranza.

Perhaps if Villa, Carranza and Huerta should jointly confer with one Charles F. Murphy, they might learn of a way to hold a Direct Primary. Mr. Murphy is no stranger to "bandit conditions."

Heat at Lenox, says a headline, drives sojourners to water. Straight or diluted?

Speaking of prosperity—and several persons are speaking of it—Nebraska is buying automobiles at the rate of 150 per day. Go West, young Wall Street man, go West!

Abdicating in his son's favor, Peter, King of Serbia by the grace of murder, feelingly writes: "I recommend the dear fatherland to the care of the Almighty." Not knocking the Crown Prince any.

Hoke Smith, according to Washington rumor, is to be given the job of persuading President Wilson to abandon his trust programme. Of course it may not be true. It may be a mere case of Hoax Myth.



His Next Trophy?

It is reported in the news columns that General Villa has ordered a \$1,000 bath-tub. Too much luxury caused the fall of Rome. Mexican papers please copy.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology will add aeronautics to its regular curriculum. Delightful! Think of taking a sweet young thing out (or up) for a joy ride and of being able to charge it to father because it is part of the course of study!



AN AXE TO GRIND

DRAWN BY JOHN CASSEL



"What
Fools
these
Mortals
Be!"

VOL. LXXV. No. 1949. WEEK ENDING JULY 11, 1914

Established, 1877. Puck is the oldest humorous publication in America—and the newest

A SPEECHLESS SPEAKING TOUR

The Bull Moose herd need not be downcast because their leader has a sore throat. Just as they were planning for him the most extensive stumping tour of his political career there was more than an ordinary shock in the doctor's ultimatum as to speeches, but there need be no postponement of the trip on that account. It is the judgement of throat specialists that the Boss Bull Moose should make but few speeches, and those indoors. The rear-end-of-the-train chat must be cut out until further notice, but there is no occasion for gloom. His doctors have not said that the Colonel must keep off the road; they have merely ordered him to be sparing of speeches, especially the open-air variety. Of travel, of "swinging around the circle," he may have his fill, and therein lies the Bull Moose opportunity.

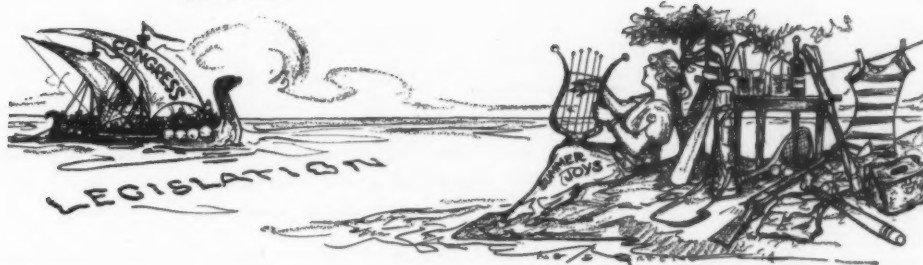
What difference does it make whether Roosevelt talks or not, so long as he grins and waves his sombrero? Let him go on that projected stumping tour. Let him wear the Rough Rider suit, the yellow bandana and the leggings, and let him smile. That is all the people ask of him. They may read his opinions in the newspapers or THE OUTLOOK (adv.), but HIM they may not have except in the flesh. A wave of the sombrero is better than a column of cold type; a grin and a gleam of eye-glasses are more satisfying than a snappy interview—a thousand miles away. One little word, "Bully," spoken at just the right moment, imposes no great strain upon the larynx, but wins more votes than seven pages in Dr. Abbott's excellent publication.

In fact, a Roosevelt speaking tour in which no speeches were made would be, we predict, the most successful stunt in campaigning ever undertaken, provided he wore the right clothes and grinned and waved. An occasional bulletin, in which some new name was added to the Ananias Club, would be a desirable feature but by no means indispensable. The grin, the bandana, the sombrero—these are the essentials. The larynx is excess baggage. Incidentally, it is entitled to a rest.



A WORD TO THE WISE

At this writing, President Wilson has not joined those who are outspoken in their approval of woman suffrage. Whatever his private opinions may be, he stands where he stood before and refuses to commit the Democratic Party to an espousal of "the cause." We respect and admire President Wilson, but likewise we respect and admire the earnest women who are leading the American suffrage campaign, and we have a quiet little word for them; a hint, as it were. Very likely, the hint



is unnecessary; the women we have in mind seldom need guidance from "mere man," but now is their time and chance.

When last seen by a deputation of Suffragists, President Wilson declined to endorse their fight because the Democratic platform of 1912, on which he was elected, made no mention of Woman Suffrage and a President must be guided by the platform of his party. You didn't fancy his excuse, ladies, but at the time you had to be satisfied with it. You had no "come back." Now you have.

You have it in President Wilson's stand on the Canal tolls question. His Party platform stated distinctly: "We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade

passing through the Panama Canal." That was as plain a statement of position as anything well could be, but President Wilson fought and won a good fight to reverse it. That it was his Party's stand did not matter in the least; his party was wrong and he refused to be bound by error. If the President did not hesitate to reverse his party, to right-about-face it, in the case of the Canal tolls, a case where the Democratic Party put itself squarely on record, perhaps Suffrage leaders will find a way to ask him why he is not equally free to speak of Woman Suffrage on the same grounds of justice, no matter what the Baltimore platform did or did not say on the subject. It is merely a hint, ladies; and very likely, as we have said, superfluous.



DRAWN BY NELSON GREENE

NOW PLAYING IN LONDON

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!"

—Shakespeare's "King Henry V."

EXCEPTIONS

A Variation of an Old Theme

They sat upon the sands all day no matter what the weather;
They romped amid the salty spray, at eve they danced together.
They sailed along the smiling sea with not the slightest notion
That any troubles e'er might be on such a lovely ocean.

In song their voices rose on high in numbers rarely blended,
In harmonies that touched the sky and sounded truly splendid.
She held his hand and he returned in deep unstinted measure,
With interest, all richly earned, each tender little pressure.

Whoever looked at any time would find them softly cooing;
No poet with inspired rime hath writ of sweeter wooing.
Nowhere in letters could you find between the gilded covers
Of books of most romantic kind a fairer pair of lovers.

A summer man, a summer girl—that's what the watchers call them;
And, oh, the later grievous whirl they said would sure befall them!
The same old tale of Jack and Jill, of true love later wilting,
When autumn with its breezes chill should usher in the jilting!

No rime like that is this of mine, to tell of hearts asunder,
When suns now full of golden shine grow dark with clouds of thunder.
No lovers they of summer cast to glimpse and lose their heaven,
For they were married hard and fast in eighteen-ninety-seven!

John Kendrick Bangs.

EXPLAINED

WEARY WALTER: Me ancestors lived on Boston Common.

LADY OF THE HOUSE: Why such a fall in their descendants?

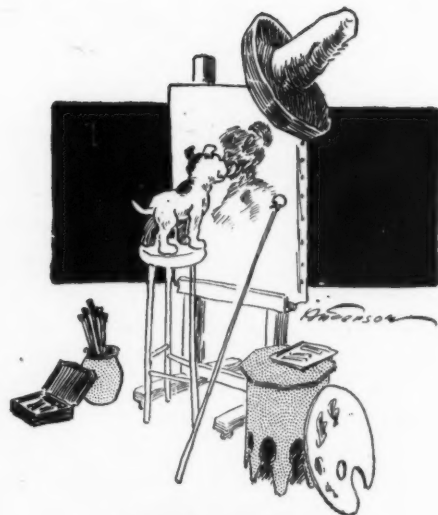
WEARY WALTER: De descendants tried to live on New Haven Preferred.

EDUCATIONAL MOVIES

SATAN: What do you think of the place?

NEW ARRIVAL (*moving-picture director*): My boy, you've got a feature film here!

CHARM—An object which the female puts on to entice the male—or takes off.



IMPRESSIONISTIC

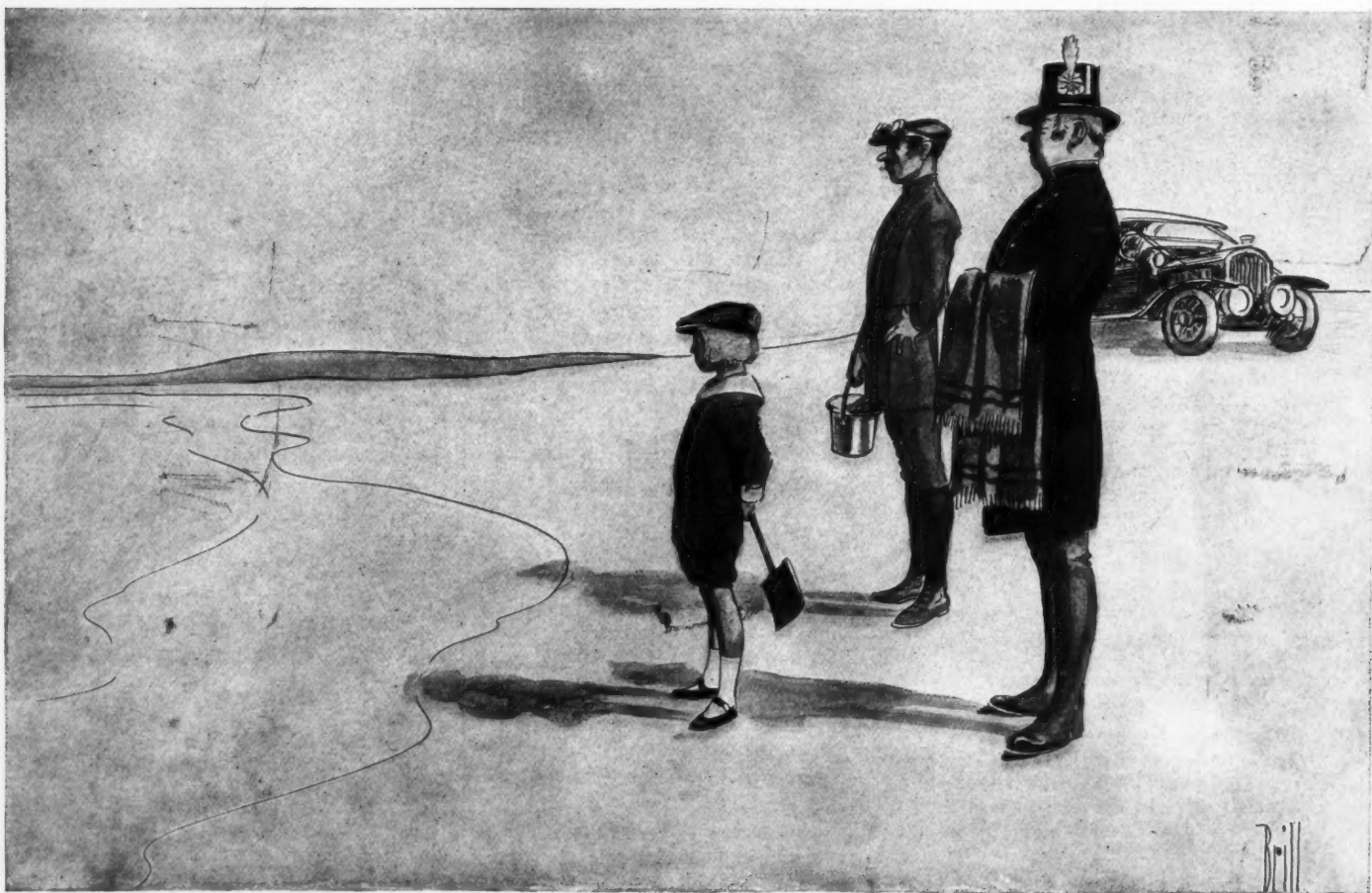
THE ARTIST'S PUP: Gee! I can spread this stuff around just as well as the boss can.

THE BARRIER

Once upon a time there lived a man who conceived that something should be done in the interests of a more definite understanding all around.

"Let us," quoth he, "have done with the uncertainties of the unwritten law. Let us, in other words, write it out." But the man's stenographer, as it chanced, was a young person. He looked at her and his heart failed him.

"How dare I dictate anything like that to her?" he sighed. The upshot being that the unwritten law is still with us.



HAPPY DAYS AT NEWPORT

Reginald Van Stuyvesant Has a Jolly Afternoon on the Beach With His Companions

DRAWN BY GEORGE R. BRILL



ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

I'm not a regular massewer. The professionals are all Swedes. Why? I don't know. They take to it, I suppose. I've been a rubber in a swell Turkish Bath ever since—aw say—ever since I found the simple life was best. Don't laugh now or you'll swallow the soap. Yes, it's hygienic, but it doesn't taste good. I used to think I'd be a nurse. Fond of children? *Jammy*



"DON'T LAUGH; YOU'LL SWALLOW THE SOAP!"

du vee! I don't mean a nurse girl. I mean one of them blue and white angels at the hospitals. I used to see myself taking care of a handsome young man with a fractured arm—the kind that takes six months to mend.

But I started as maid for an old lady with the lumbago. She took me with her to Hot Springs. No sooner did we get there than she fell out of a roller chair while I was pushin' it. The band was playin' and I was givin' the chair a kind of tango glide when it tipped over.

There I was out of a job. They wanted a rubber at one of the baths, and the tips was grand they said—so me for it. I learned my trade there. Not like the Swedes. I've no framed certificate

hangin' over the mantelpiece, but you can't beat me at mawssage even if I'm not a professional.

What's the difference? Oh, about two dollars. I can get off about twenty pounds a week. And everyone is doin' it. It's killin' to read how the men make fun of women for the silly things they do, but it's the men drives them to it.

There's little Mrs. Van Damn—nothing but a wisp of a fairy with light blonde hair and blue eyes. One day she comes in and takes me by the hands. "Maizie," she says, "I've just got to lose a lot to-day."

"That's easy," I sez. Then she told me the whole sad story. It seems she wore a new gown to dinner just to surprise her husband. "How do I look, Tom," she asks him. "Oh, you look fat and sassy," he sez.

With that she flared up. "How dare you," she sez; "how dare you insult me in that manner?" and she sat down and cried in the hot room with six blankets around her till the car came for her at six.

You wouldn't mind so much if she was like Doris Dangerfield, who has to play them girl parts although she's past forty. She was here all day before the first performance. She wanted to get a few ounces off her back.

She came into the Turkish room looking like a Greek goddess, with a Turkish blanket trailing off one shoulder and a bottle of French vichy under her arm. "Maizie," she sez to me, "I'd sell my soul for a lamb chop, but I dassent—it would show. I've got to think of my career!"

I don't know which is the worst—s'ciety or the stage. Many a first night I've spent in a dressing room with an electric vibrator waitin' for the star to come off after a hard scene.

Would I change with them? *Jammy du vee!* I see the inside. I'm there with the rubber mit and the bottle of alcohol to try to rub in a pleasant expression before they go to the opera. And how they worry!

None of them is happy unless she can be Queen of the May all the time! Anything to keep in the spot light. An' the men are the ones that are lookin' up under their lashes these days. Sometimes I think it's all come through the telephone. It makes women too bold.

A woman couldn't call on a man or send him

notes. It was too much like nailin' him down but over a telephone she just laughs and lies and gets him wonderin'.

Get them wonderin' and you have them. When a man is curious about anything—say how was it about Shackleton and Cook and Peary and all them? What was it but curiosity? I hear them talkin' over the telephone—the women, I mean.

No, I don't have to hear the other side of it. When you hear a woman begin to gurgle and laugh and coo in her throat talkin' over the 'phone, you don't have to be a voice specialist to know what's going on at the other end of the wire.

Kate Masterson.



"HAS TO PLAY THEM LITTLE GIRL PARTS"

Buck



The News in Rime

The Duke of Grafton's only heir
Will wed Miss Havemeyer;
Lieutenant Porte is trying out
The Wanamaker flier.
Vic. Huerta seems to be a most
Reluctant little loser;
The Perkins fight
Obstructs the light,
And Greece has bought a cruiser.



The Colonel said he never said
He wouldn't run for something;
The Prohibition rooters took
A fall out of the Rum thing.
A French inventor racked his brain
To make the airship stable;
Panc. Villa has
Zacatecas,
(Pronounce it if you're able!)

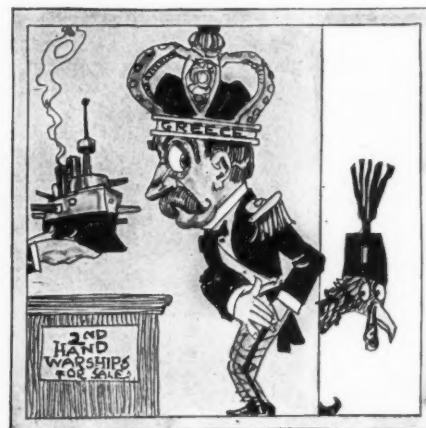
The Barons of the Taxi Trade
Have lowered all their meters;
The winds that blow from Jersey's shore
Are full of twelve-inch 'skeeters.
Bouck White must stay in durance vile
For talking out in meeting;
The lawyers cursed
The Lumber Trust,
And life is very heating.

The British furies still pursue
Their anarchistic capers;
The first sea-serpent thrust its face
Into the grateful papers.
A few more liners rammed the rocks—
A futile sport, it strikes us;
The Resolute
Is very cute,
And Wilhelm says he likes us.

'Tis said the Bible soon will be
Translated into Zulu;
More highly cultured folk will read
"The Lobster and the Lulu!"*
Louisiana could not smash
The tariff on confections;
Our tennis game
Is somewhat lame,
And Taft will run in sections.

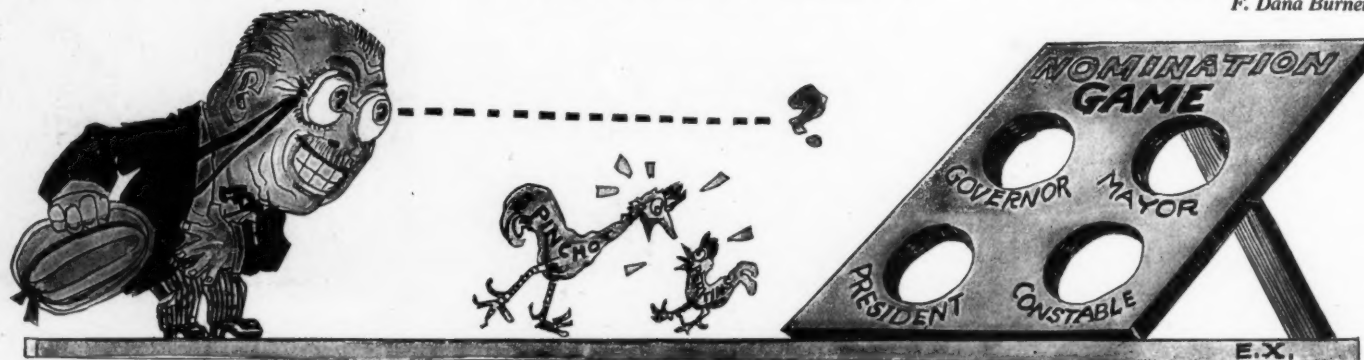
* By Iwin Jackpot; Dubbs, Dubious and Co., \$1.50 nit.

An Oxford Savant now asserts
That Noah ate the apple;
The Pankhurst legions hurled a bomb
And hit an ancient chapel.
Montana had a shooting bee—
It's warm for such distractions.
Home Rule is still
A bitter pill,
And eggs are sold in fractions.



P. Villa bought a bath-tub worth
A thousand rebel dollars;
The Gotham Baby Show was full
Of loud hygienic hollers.
The Honorable Mercury
Has found a high position;
The Claflin stores
Have closed their doors,
And we are going fishin'.

F. Dana Burnet.





THE LOVE-LETTERS

A Little Fable of To-day

Once there was a Woman who had two lovers—which is not so strange when one learns that the Woman was very beautiful and very young. One was a practical Manufacturer, who loved her in a quiet, yet none the less wonderful way.

The other was a Poet, who loved language and the moon—and incidentally the Woman. And he wrote her beautiful love-letters.

And the Woman loved him for his art, and wept happy tears when she read the romantic words that he sent to her every day.

But she loved the Manufacturer with a deep and true affection. She was a woman, however, and she craved the written expression of his passion for her.

One day she said to him: "Why do you not write me beautiful letters? My Poet does."

And the Manufacturer answered: "Alas! I am not capable of telling all that I feel. You must be content when I simply say, 'I love you.'"

But loving the Woman as few men ever love, he tried to do as she wished—and he sent her a love-letter.

But it was a poor letter when the Woman placed it beside the Poet's effusions. All it said was, "I love you." The Poet's last words to her happened to come in the same post; and they were beautiful beyond the Woman's highest dreams of what a love-letter should be.

Then the Woman said: "I will bury each letter beneath a bush in my garden. It is April now, and when Summer comes I will know by the blossoms which man loves me more."

And she secretly buried the two letters, hoping they would enrich the earth.

When May came, the Poet had found another beautiful face to adore; but the Manufacturer was still saying to the Woman, "I love you."

June came in with roses; but no rose in all the Woman's garden was so beautiful as the one upon the bush beneath which the Manufacturer's love-letter had been laid.

The other bush yielded naught but a few dry leaves. And the Woman smiled when she looked upon it. The rose she watered with tears of joy.

MORAL: Flowery love-letters do not often flower into love.

Charles Hanson Towne.



TURKEY TROT

TERRIER: If I wasn't afraid of being poisoned, I would bite his leg and make him drop it.



Strimpl

THAT'S ABOUT ALL

Drawn for Ruck
by STRIMPL of Paris

THE SUBJECT'S HUSBAND: My wife was a model before I married her. Maybe you knew her.

THE ARTIST: Just barely.

AMBROSIA

I have sipped and supped and tasted
Of the food a poet sings;
Rare exotic fauna, basted
By some chef, the peer of kings.
Cloyed, I've thrown aside or wasted
Nectar and ambrosial things.

Though I sit amid the gleam of
Damask, broadcloth, shimmering silk,
Crystal bowls that hold the cream of
Nature's stores of every ilk—
Oft in yearning mood I dream of
Boyhood's bowl of bread-and-milk!

Burges Johnson

THE HONEYMOON

"I suppose you feel your responsibilities rather keenly, Mr. Newlywed?"

"Why—er—yes; I feel as if I had the weight of heaven on my shoulders."

DEFINED

WILLIS: Would you call him a good mixer?
GILLIS: Yes; there is no class of society in which he really behaves himself.



SUMMER BIZ

"Wotcher doin' these days, Chimmy?"

"Swattin' flies at two cents a million. What you doin'?"

"Killin' potato bugs at fi' cents a quart."

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT by P.A. VAILE



Author of "Modern Golf," "The Soul of Golf," "The Golf Primer," Etc.

THE VALUE OF PRACTICE

Practice of the right kind is invaluable in golf. It is far and away the quickest means of attaining all-round proficiency at the game or mastering a particular shot which is a temporary or long-standing cause of trouble.

A player who practiced regularly and thoughtfully might become a scratch man in a few years, whereas another who insisted on engaging in matches or medal rounds every time he appeared on the course would be lucky if ever he reached that dignity. There is no way of beginning that has anything like the practical worth of a month of steady study and practice without so much as a round of the green to lend variety to the proceedings.

To some people it may be tedious work. To others it is not only tolerable; it is interesting. Personally, if I were going to take up billiards in earnest, I should try to learn every detail in connection with the proper playing of that pastime, and practice continually until I felt reasonably sure of doing well in a match. That inclination may not be a virtue, but it is calculated to save many years of struggling. I am certain that it is a disposition which the golfer would be wise in cultivating.

If an ordinary man had written the foregoing words of wisdom, particularly in England, he would have been called a theorist or a faddist. But it was not an ordinary man. It was Harry Vardon.

He is preaching now the gospel of modern golf—the gospel I preached in "Modern Golf" in 1907—the gospel I still preach, the gospel of practice, the gospel of love and sacrifice for a game worthy of it; and anyone worthy of the game should be prepared to follow the teaching.

Vardon says: "Personally, if I were going to take up billiards in earnest, I should try to learn every detail in connection with the proper playing of that pastime, and practice continually until I felt reasonably sure of doing well in a match."

Surely this is the plainest common sense. It should be recognized as such no matter whence it came, but now Vardon has said it let all who really desire to improve in the art of golf sit up and listen, for the concluding words of my quotation, which I purposely refrained from marking as a quotation, are likely to be of immense importance to about ninety per cent. of those who read it.

Here it is: "That inclination may not be a virtue, but it is calculated to save many years of struggling. I am certain that it is a disposition which the golfer would be wise in cultivating."

Firstly, my brethren, let us see what is this disposition which is so well worth cultivating.

It is the disposition which prompts one to "try to learn every detail in con-

If any reader of Puck can show that the Idiot is wrong, he will receive from Puck the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and the Golf Idiot will go without salary for that week.

Address PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT, Puck, 301 Lafayette Street, N. Y. All letters, to receive consideration, must be signed with full name and address.

Letters received by Puck's Golf Idiot will be considered his property, for publication or other use as he may see fit. \$100.00 for the FIRST letter each week PROVING HIM WRONG.

nection with the proper playing of that pastime," and to "practice continually."

Curiously enough, Vardon is using exactly the parallel chosen by me in "Modern Golf," wherein I advocate starting the beginner at the hole and backing him to the tee, through the mashie, the niblick, the mid-iron, the cleek, and the brassy, until he arrives in due course at the driver, *instead of starting with it.*

Vardon's advice is valuable, and I hope may influence many players, who are far beyond beginners, to give up cutting the country into strips and settle down to some form of steady practice.

Practice, genuine steady practice, is a thing

almost unknown at golf. Is it then cause for wonder that one sees so much bad form on the links? Six or seven years ago I drew attention to the fact that there was no attempt made by ordinary beginners to learn the game properly.

I asked if anyone were learning billiards would he start at the masse carom or would he not rather learn at first natural angles and simple caroms. In all sound tuition the predominant idea is to lead the pupil from the simplest to the most advanced by easy stages.

In golf alone of all games—and may I say sciences—is a persistent effort made by foolish people to teach it hind part foremost.

Of course I know that in the majority of cases it is the fault of the would-be player, whose mad rushing impatience to assault the county, is responsible for the insistent parrot-cry, "Teach me to swing." The professional knows that he is doing wrong, but he cannot afford to disregard the demands of his patrons.

So it comes about that countless silly persons who cannot perform with accuracy a stroke which moves throughout a line of about a foot, are tying themselves into knots trying to get away with something resembling a sixteen or twenty foot corkscrew. Is it any wonder that Vardon advises assiduous practice? Very few players know what pleasure can be got from good and intelligent practice.

The man who cannot put in an hour on the putting green with only his putter and a few balls for company is not worthy of the name of golfer, unless his average is already below two a green—and that is somewhat improbable.

Assiduous practice and beginning properly are two of the greatest secrets of success in golf. Playing a round against someone is certainly not the best practice for golf. In practicing one should have no notion whatever of a score in one's mind. One should see a certain stroke waiting to be played. One should play it as one knows best, but absolutely free from any care as to what happens afterward.

Far too many players ruin their game by over-anxiety to win before they have even acquired form good enough to entitle them to go on the links even for a practice match.

Let us therefore follow the advice of the inimitable Vardon, the prince of stroke players, and whenever we get, or can make, the opportunity, practice golf.

We shall enjoy playing it so much more.



OVERHEARD AT ST. ANDREWS

"Hoot, mon, 'bide a wee! My ball's bunkered in yer beard!"



LET GEORGE DO IT

PAINTED BY LAWSON WOOD
THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH COLORIST WHOSE
WORK APPEARS REGULARLY IN PUCK

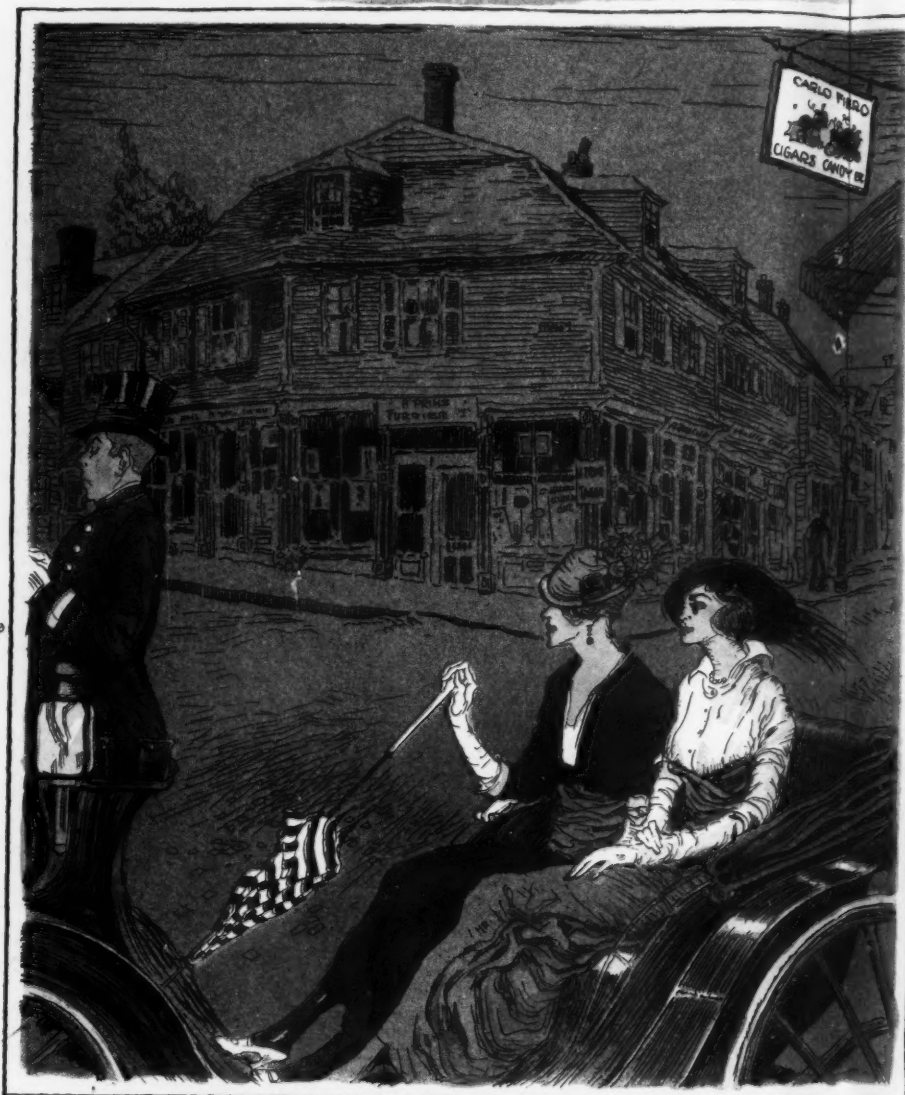


A note made at a Garden Fete

The girls all carry 'sticks'



A few million dollars worth of yachts in the harbor



The old Newport and the new



A Strange Contrast — New arrivals of the Smart Set driving up Long Wharf

A SKETCH-BOOK AT
What a Puck Artist Saw at Society?

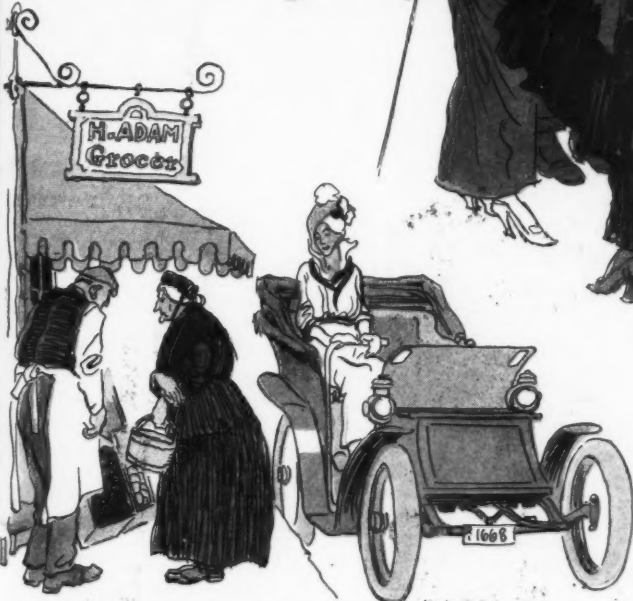
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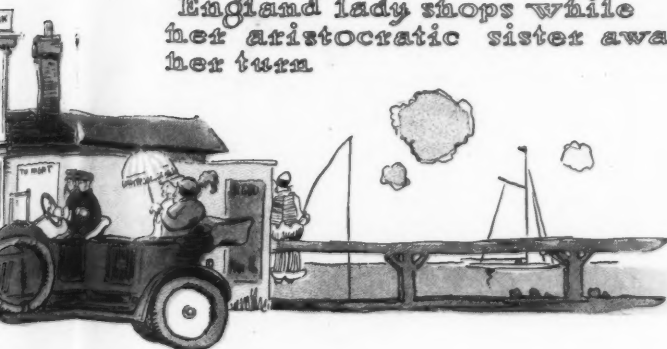
Chatting in front
of the Casino



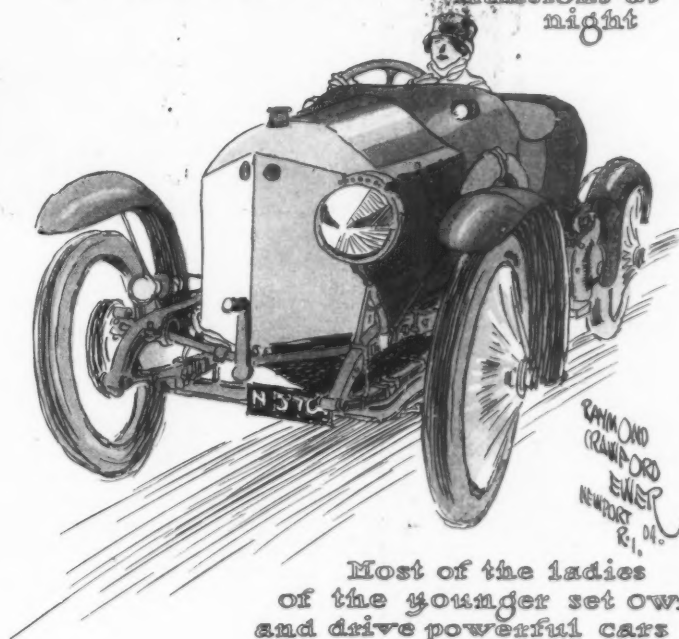
One of the
mansions at
night



An old fashioned New
England lady shops while
her aristocratic sister awaits
her turn



Long Wharf



Most of the ladies
of the younger set own
and drive powerful cars

Drawn by RAYMOND C. EWER

LOOK AT NEWPORT

now at Society's Summer Capital



fashion possesses a serenity of spirit which religion does not always supply. Without knowing as much as the Archbishop, I think this serenity arises from the discomfiture of other women.

To provoke that discomfiture is certainly uplifting, but to maintain it is perhaps equally upsetting. A woman dressed in the height of fashion has to work like a slave. You don't get the right thing for the asking, or even for the paying. You have got to know the right thing and it is precisely in knowing it that the work comes in. The woman of fashion is born not tailor made; or, at least, not as the modistes would wish her. Her wishes are superior and in their gratification is her defense against that phantom of pain which boredom is. For shopping is woman's debauchery.

Men know nothing of this. But there are always exceptions. I recall a clergyman who was addicted to it. Through a tailor's defection he dined in his room. By way of excuse he said he had noticed that clergymen who went in to dinner without trousers were almost sure to excite remark. As you may see, fashion is not exclusively a feminine vice. That clergyman was a slave to it.

But, where was I? Oh, yes. I had it in mind to be lively and here is an obituary. It is that of the slit skirt which always arrested men and occasionally caused the arrest of women.

Pulpit and press arraigned it. Then suddenly came the report that both of them had been joined by the dressmakers of Chicago. In the interest of morality, the latter announced that hereafter fashions should come not from the Rue de la Paix but from Wabash Avenue.

To paraphrase Whistler, why drag in the Rue de la Paix? Besides, the slit skirt was devised not to frighten men but to facilitate women.



In the hobble skirt they could not walk, with the slit they could. But it seemed to afford cartoonists and the oppressively serious with an inexhaustible theme. Didactic persons whose specialty is that curious mixture of good intentions allied to a total absence of any

THE POMPS OF FASHION

artistic sense, gave ponderous views of the feminine degeneracy of the age. Of course, it was exaggerated, but there are persons who are bound to vulgarize anything. A portion of ankle, decently shod, presented nothing offensive. The horror lay in the colored petticoats of vehement tints with which women in large droves veiled the slits. These petticoats were invariably of a maddening shade of green, scarlet, and orange. Whether they were worn as a sop to modesty, or the irresistible impulse to exhibit

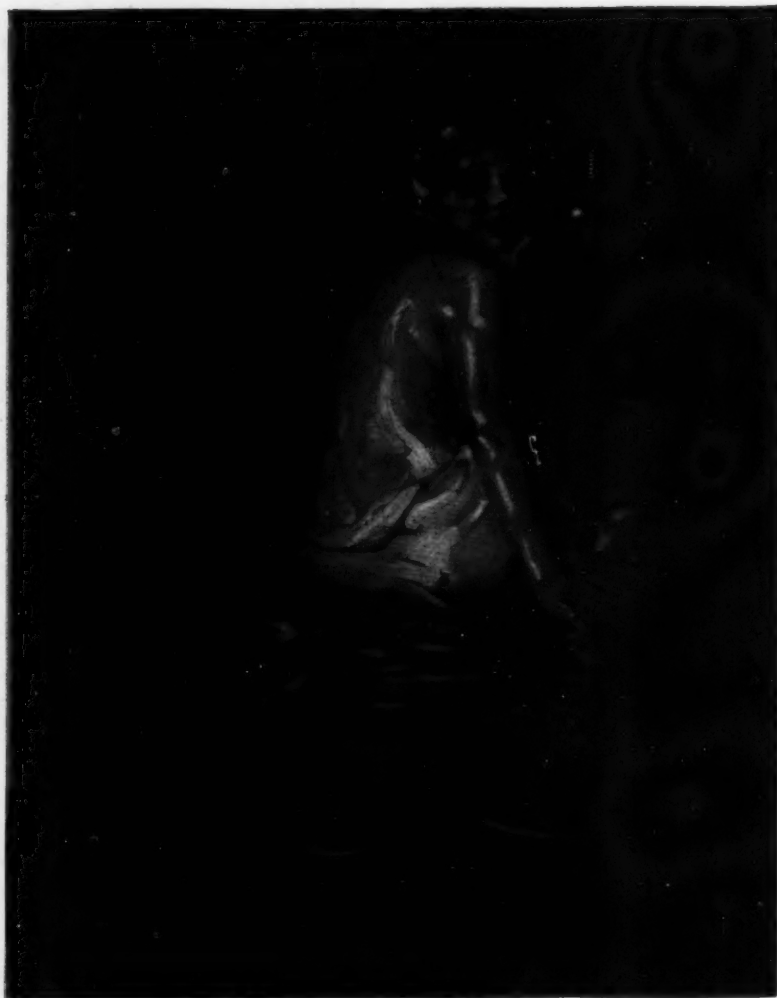
us feel sufficiently ignorant, we get cryptic and exasperating references to 1830, 1870,

1857, and to the cape worn by the coachmen of the busses in 1789. If one is uncertain about dates, and most women make it a point to be, it is very harassing. However, this is all *a propos* of the new skirts, which are incredibly short, quite six or seven inches from the floor, narrow, and most emphatically *not* slit. Of course, no one expects them to be comfortable. In the very teeth of opposition I will mention the Turkish skirt. This, with Poiret and various names to back it, has long struggled for a foothold. Whether known as a Jupe Sultane, Zizi, Stamboul or Haremlik, it is inoffensive and very comfortable. Of course, that is not a recommendation. I, who have tottered about in a hobble skirt as long as anyone, know that. But, we have already worn several curious trouser effects. From these to the real thing, even of the Turkish variety, there is but a step.

At the risk of infringing upon Mr. Huneker's Seven Arts, I must say that a comprehensive study of all, including that of gastronomy, is necessary to the interpretation of modern dress. At least, so it would appear from a study of fashion exhibit catalogues. To remember the name of the artist is bad enough but the connoisseur in dress names a Callot or a Cheruit, as an expert picks out a Van Cuyp or a Goya at sight. However, the title is usually an intricate piece of symbolism.

Here is "Brise de Mai," though there is nothing to remind one of May zephyrs in silver brocade and rhinestones. Here, too, is a "Xexis," a "Cocatocs," and a "Zodiaque" — names which may mean anything or nothing, but which in any event can have

only a post-impressionist connection with the frocks themselves. There also is "Danse du Pape." That sounds irreverent, yet as it is but white taffeta and roses, it might appear almost innocuous were it not so excessively décolleté. Now, as for gastronomy, here by way of entrée we have a strawberry taffeta with little bouquets of primroses here and there — rather pastoral and very logically entitled "Ave Maria." Likewise, there is chartreuse garnished with salmon, a Second Empire wrap of Bordeaux, and a trotteur simply

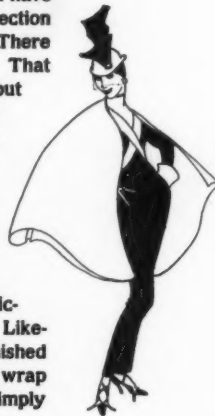


PAINTED BY W. D. GOLDBECK

THE SPIRIT OF NEWPORT

a barbaric hue, Heaven alone knows. I don't. But the result in either case was atrocious.

A word in regard to the skirts of the hour. By the way things are, we live in a perfect nightmare that by the time we get into our new frocks they will be out of fashion. The danger signal lies in the fact that La Mode at present is so considerate. She is catering to a great many types. A woman may almost wear what is most becoming to her. That means a transitional stage. Presently there will be a sweeping edict, with only the survival of the slimmest. Just now there are confusing and conflicting reports of the Louis XV—or is it XVI?—of the Directoire, the Restoration, the Victorian, and with the inevitable and perennial influence of the Orient thrown in. As if this did not make





DRAWN BY RAY ROHN

BEACH COMBERS

called "Mousse." Whether it is a Mousse de jambon, or a Mousse aux mandarines, is not quite clear.

But things are not always so simple. The Army and Navy, and what are known as Periods, offer most treacherous ground for mistakes. It might almost seem imperative for a woman to shop with a copy of the "Reader's Handbook" appropriately illustrated, under one arm. In a shop, recently, a slim-waisted young man with a gardenia and a Parisian accent, took pity on my ignorance. He showed me a Tailleur which it appears was inspired by the military uniform of the First Empire, a cape costume quite the smartest thing at present which we owe to the Third Empire, and a skirt, the last whisper from Paris, which recalls more or less accurately the trousers of the Hussars of 1830. If you can stand it, you may also wear a Blunderbuss. Not the gun, but the hat worn by the post-chaise outriders in 18—; but my dates have given out.

The realm of art, literature, architecture and music requires an appalling amount of erudition. At a recent exhibition of gowns which I attended these various arts all struggled for supremacy. An afternoon gown in bronze, and an evening creation which is meant to recall the Queen of Sheba before Solomon, do not seriously tax one's knowledge. But after this, things are more involved. Let me present a morning gown with motifs copied from an ancient tou-

loupe of Oriental Siberia. Though the catalogue does not explain what a touloupe is—thereby gallantly inferring that you must know, though nothing is less likely—it does say that the gowns will be displayed to interpretative music, preferably upon operas based upon Greek or



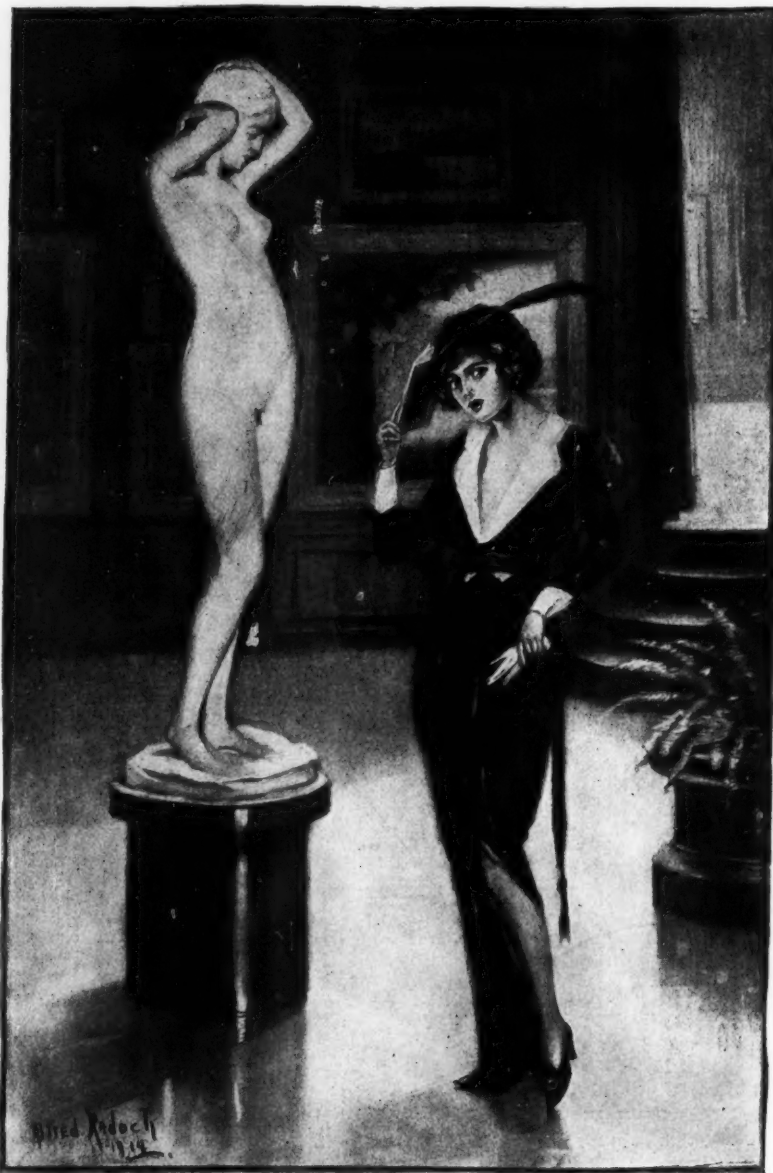
Ancestor of the Hat-Check Boy

Byzantine subjects. Noting the baffled expression of the young woman next to you, you have the painful suspicion that she would prefer "A little love, a little kiss." But, it is all very artistic and uplifting as you listen to "Orfeo ed Euridice," "Iphigenia in Tauris," and "Armide." Presently, to the strains of Tschaiakowsky a vivid young woman displays a gown in the style of the Transcaucasian region. Further than that, an ancient Oriental document illustrates the uniform of a Tunisian warrior, which is the tailleur of tan cloth that you, Madame, may be wearing at this moment. Your opera cloak was taken from that of a Hindoo Prince or possibly it once trailed behind a disdainful Doge of Venice. A Persian miniature representing a young Princess of Bagdad inspired your tango frock, Mademoiselle, and see! The design on that very modern lace is the Byzantine frieze of St. Sophia in Constantinople.

I feel that the seven arts are not yet exhausted and I have not yet come to the part of the exhibition which illustrated the Doric simplicity of the Greeks, but I am haunted still by the stout woman in mustard with a whole bird on her hat, to whom the whole thing was Greek—not historically or metaphorically, but actually and literally Greek.

Olga St. Clair





MODESTY

THE BETTER PART

"Why don't you discover a river or something?" demanded the wife of the Congressman.

"Every man to his part, my dear. We can't all be spectacular. I may never have discovered any rivers, but I have secured appropriations to dredge quite a few."

Fame—That which youth longs for.
Youth—That which fame longs for.



HEARTLESS

FASHIONABLE POODLE: By jinks! It's an outrage to clip an animal that close! What's it going to do in winter?

UNMADE HISTORY

In the darkest hour of the nation's peril, the women of the land were startled to discover that they were spending six hundred million dollars a year for frills and furbelows.

"Enough of this!" they exclaimed with appropriate emotion, and turned the six hundred million dollars over to the Government, which lost no time in building sixty superdreadnaughts with the money. The national honor, in other words, was saved.

The ships, to be sure, became obsolete junk within a year, but by that time the women were ready with another six hundred million dollars.

As for the manufacturers of frills and furbelows, they either enlisted in the marines or drifted back to the land—anyway were much better employed henceforth.

WOMANLIKE

CRAWFORD: How are those portable bungalows? Are they comfortable?

CRABSHAW: That depends on what kind of a wife you have. During the summer mine insisted on moving to a new place four different times.

A NOVEL OF 1950

If the present rules of construction are continued to their logical conclusion.

PART I

Morning. New York. December.
The Giltrock's Ball.

"Mr. Jones—Miss Giltrocks!"

"Dance?"

"Yes."

"Maxixe?"

"Yes."

"Wonderful!"

"Thanks."

"Call?"

"Yes."

"Thursday at three?"

"Tee-hee!"

PART II

Afternoon. Newport.
Ocean.

"Help!"

"Don't splutter."

"Oh!"

"There."

"My hero."

"No, no."

"Tee-hee!"

PART III

Casino. Evening.
Dance.

"My life preserver!"

"Gladys!"

"I will!"

"Happiest man in the world."

"Tee-hee."

FINIS

THE CHANGE

"It used to be," declared old Brother Bombershay, "dat when Brudder Mauley and his wife was uh-squabblin' dey had it up and down like a see-saw, sometimes one of 'em gittin' de best of it and den de yudder. But now, bless goodness, dey dess goes 'round and 'round like a merry-go-round, and nobody kin prognosticate which is ahead."

PROOF

WILLIS: Things have quieted down some.

GILLIS: Yes; the second-baseman's bum finger got more space in to-day's papers than the Mexican trouble.

The man who leads a dog's life appreciates a kind word just as much as a dog does.



A Well-Known Business* Mann

* Other people's.

THE SEVEN ARTS

By JAMES HUNEKER

Illustrated by C. B. Falls

New Shaw Plays To be laughed at by their fellow beings seems to be the supreme ambition of some men; others it saddens. Mark Twain it visibly depressed. At first for George Bernard Shaw it was positively exhilarating, this laughter, even though the smiles came in at the wrong moment, even when his audience mistook him for a Jack Pudding, and roaring at the spectacle of a dignified intellectual man peering through a horse-collar. But of late G. B. S. has shown in various ways that the laughter of the mob is not precisely his goal. He raged over the reception of "Great Catharine" in London, because people would laugh and laugh; nor can one blame them. The piece is uproariously funny. It is not ventripotential laughter that the author is seeking, but the superior smile of recognition; Henry James would say "the emotion of recognition." I fancy his readers will meet him in the way he likes when reading his latest volume of plays, a copy of which Simon Brentano was amiable enough to send to PUCK. The volume is entitled: "Misalliance, Fanny's First Play, and The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," with, of course, the inevitable and always brilliant prefaces.

Those Shaw Prefaces

The prefaces, not the play, are the thing; they are his master works. In comparison his plays are halting revelations of the cork soul of Shaw. Never before has the real man appeared so free from disguise as a poseur and immoralist as in this new collection, though the real Shaw is a kindly, humorous fellow—a reactionary chockful of old-fashioned notions and fairly exuding sentiment and prejudice of the approved British variety. From a too long residence in London he has lost his irresponsibility, his Celtic sense of disproportion; no longer are the joys of exaggeration and glittering half truths; Shaw has become English, a man of soggy certitudes. Chesterton has out-paradoxed him, Wells plays the role of Macchiavelli in better tune. Sad ending for the man who might have become the ghost of Samuel Butler. He is rich, famous, and a fribble; and, like all Socialists, when the test of selfishness is applied, his earth theory explodes with the roar of a pin-pricked bladder. In a word, Shaw is at last a normal human being. And how delightfully mediaeval are his opinions. He mocks at vaccination, vivisection, at the virtues of antitoxins, the viciousness of drugs and votes for men. He, caring more for a drainpipe than a cathedral, naturally despises the artist, and presents him as the typical fascinating scamp seen through the eyes of mid-Victorian writers. Mr. Podsnap could not have assumed a more philistine attitude. In the interior of Shaw burns a Puritanic flame; he is devoid of artistic imagination; he puts the photograph above the color of Titian and Delacroix, and he dearly loves mechanical piano-players. He does not know as much about art as even little Max Beerbohm. He vaguely believes in marriage as a business partnership, approvingly pats St. Paul on the shoulder, and if he avows the ceremony a makeshift it is because better days are coming. The divorce laws of Great Britain are not in such a muddle as those in the United States, therefore he believes they should be. He is

hot for easy divorce, a vegetable diet, and rigid temperance laws. No worse Puritan or tyrant would be than this same G. B. S. if ever he achieved political power. When women get the vote, then the institution of marriage will be knocked into a cocked hat. He writes: "The sum of the matter is, that unless woman repudiates her womanliness, her duty to her husband, to her children, to society, to everyone but

herself, she cannot emancipate herself." Now, isn't this very old-fashioned? This leader of modern movements, like sentimental Socialists (and Socialists are always sentimentalists, inasmuch as they dote on fables and fairy tales), will not look the facts of life squarely in the face, but views it through romantic Shavian spectacles. He once wittily remarked—and he can't help being witty, even when he doesn't mean to be—that the romantic temperament is the old maid's temperament. There you have painted in one masterly stroke the character of Shaw by Shaw. George Moore said that Bernard Shaw was only the funny man in a boarding-house. Yes, but Shaw's boarding-house is all England, and if they treat him kindly on the continent as a garrulous grandpa getting off his harmless little quips, in England his jesting is seriously taken. He is pouring out for a guileless and uncritical public small doses of Ibsen, Nietzsche, Marx, Brieux, and how many others! This mixture wouldn't hurt a child in the cradle, yet numerous disciples feel devilish and immoral after swallowing the decoction of milk and ipecac. What he might have become, what plays he might have written—real plays, not country lyceum discussions punctuated by clownish humor—would be profitless to discuss. That other Irishman, the poet and dramatist, who gave us "The Shadow of the Glen," "Riders to the Sea," "The Well of the Saints," and "The Playboy of the Western World," the incomparable John Millington Synge, was content to create men and women of flesh and blood, not bogies or stalking-horses for stale theories or mouthpieces to advertise his incomparable genius. Synge to-day is Ireland's greatest dramatist, not Shaw.

But readable. Ah! there's the rub. Bernard has the gift of gab—and

such gab! The treatise on parents and children which precedes the play "Misalliance," is crammed with common sense. When I first wrote about Shaw, over two decades ago, I was accused of paradox because I defended him as a man of sound sense. He has his masks for the public, as he has told us, but he can put his finger on a sore spot as quick as the veriest philistine doctor. He diagnoses and suggests the treatment. As you read his defense of the rights of children (yes, it's votes for kids now) you can see the puzzled or enraged faces of parents and guardians. What! not beat up one's own brats! Tut-tut! what are we coming to with this man, Shaw. First it was Pestalozzi or Froebel, then the demoralizing Montessori method, now the Irish immoralist bids children make their declaration of independence, proclaim their magna charta, and declare war on the family. Somehow or other all this has a familiar ring (or wring). Stendhal it was who said that our first enemies were our parents, and many a healthy lad has said the same as he ruefully rubbed his rear after an interview with a

(Continued on page 21)



Shaw and His Puppets



As It Seems to Sensitive Natures



THE NEWS THAT'S GOIN' 'ROUND A DHRAMA OF TH' OULD SOD

As interpreted by the Gabby Players from Dublin

THE PLAYERS

| | | | |
|--------------|---|---|-----------------------------|
| NORA LATION | - | - | A Colleen from Kerryseen |
| CON NIVER | - | - | A Gossoon from Piperstoon |
| PADDY ROOSKY | - | - | An Omadhaun from Helengaun |
| MAC AROON | - | - | A Shpalpeen from Quaranteen |

SCENE: A lonely shebang in Ballynonsense, with a window looking out on a cruiskeen lawn. A fire of peter, familiarly called peat, is burning on the hearth. Enter Nora, who has mullingar ankles and a cork eye.

NORA (who has been enniskillen a chicken for dinner): Arrah musha, melia murther, wirra wirra, oh begob! (She sinks on the lounge. If preferable, she may lounge on the sink.)

CON (Sticking his head through the window, regardless of the pane): Ochone begorra pincushion machree.

PADDY (coming to the door with Mac, and ringing the belfast): Faugh a ballagh armagh fermanagh. (This man has adenoids.)

MAC (lighting his pipe with a coal from Coleraine): Killarney kilkenney killaloe kill a landlord. (Do yez moind the black murther in his heart?)

NORA (with bantry, or better, banteringly): Go aisy, soggarth, or you'll hibernia your fingers.

MAC (quick as a flask): Imerald Oil is grand for burrns. (Takes a sup of potheen, which is Irish whiskey deluded with wather.)

CON (onelling at Nora's feet): Arrah na pogue shaughraun kerry gow brian boru.

PADDY (with a wolf tone): Dudheen skibbereen oleomargareen. (Never speaking anything but Garlic, he is always in bad odor.)

CON (dublin his fists): Erin go bragh!

PADDY (with true Irish wit): Go there yourself.

NORA (taking down the lamp and turning the wicklow): Murphies thripe an' inyuns, scalyuns, peraties. (This last is a Latin word meaning "ready".)

CON (stonily—blarney-stonily): Kathleen mavourneen annie rooney aileen alanna nora asthore. (Paddy and Mac go out to the hay scales and silently steal a weigh.)

NORA (with one more sligo at Con): Galway limerick tipperary, donegal trahee. Savourneen deelish. ("Savourneen deelish" is incipient Celtic for "git off my foot".)

CON (grasping her tenderly by the arm and taking her blood pressure): Youghal! (He gives her a smack on the lips. She gives him a smack on the jaw. He puts on his ulster and goes out, it being a home rule that the place closes at nine.)

The Ind.

Quincy Kilby

In writing to advertisers, please say "I saw it in Ruck."

MODERN LIFE

"And don't forget to bring home a package of needles."

"Going to do a little sewing, my dear?"

"Don't be absurd, George. You know the graphophone will require them soon."

The Success of an Outing

depends upon the pleasure and benefit derived, both of which can be promoted by a good beverage

Evans Ale

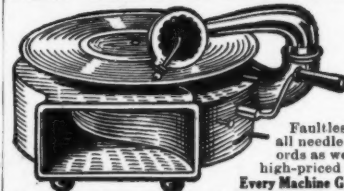
is famous for the wholesome pleasure it puts into an Outing and the physical benefit it provides. Fosters health, happiness and longevity.

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BREAKING IT GENTLY

STOUT FEMALE: You may bury me with sand if you wish to, my dears.

DIPLOMATIC KID (*making sure to say the right thing*): Thank you, ma'am, but—but we're only going to be here a week.



THE FIRST FASHION PARADE

EDENIC FASHION COMPANY—Gentlemen:

It is perfectly sweet of you to ask me to appear in your first fashion parade on the 18th instant, and I consider it as a tribute to my somewhat daring taste.

But, really, the Fico is such a simple little frock that I wonder that you take the trouble. One would think that I were the only woman in the world. Still, if I may be permitted to say so, I think that the Fico is expressive of my own individuality and denotes a certain independence of thought. It should be the symbol for all time of the new woman, for such I consider myself. It expresses that state of mind which does not care a fig for consequences, and I feel instinctively that it blends with my own personality.

If you must have something written about it, as your representative Mr. A. Taylor Bird informs me, I would ask that you be as conservative as possible. The costume is mostly self color with a closely fitting tunic of figue verte. I shall of course wear one of your corsets invisible which conform so plastically to the figure and yet permit the utmost freedom of motion. A simple Pippin toque will add to the effect, I hope. It will be trimmed in pome naturel with serpentine palaver over the right ear.

I have never appeared as far as I can recollect in a promenade such as you describe, and naturally I do not wish to be annoyed by any loudly enunciated criticism. However, as we are leaving this neighborhood, I feel that in complying with your request I am making a contribution at least to contemporary fashion. Cordially yours, MADAM ADAM.

FROM THE READERS

PROSPECTIVE SUBSCRIBER (*in office of "Wyoming Weekly Whoop"*): Don't you have any clubbing propositions?

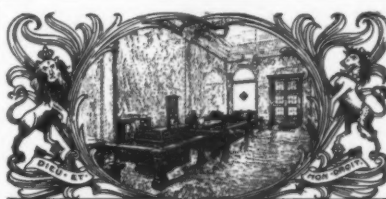
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR: Oh, once in a while, but horse-whipping and shooting propositions seem to be the favorites around here!

THE PERIOD OF PEACE

"Ours was a quiet wedding," confessed skimpy little Mr. Hennypeck. "My wife did not commence to find fault with me until nearly an hour after the ceremony was concluded."



Trying to Run Him Down



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More important still it will find you promptly.

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There are clerks enough so that you are not kept waiting,—

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Cruises

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THE WORLD

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THE usual conception of a railroad is that of a transportation device; an institution that is forever obtaining money either for tickets or for freight. The other side of the picture is generally vague or unknown. The extent to which the railroad is a distributor of money and a purchaser of a vast variety of commodities from paper drinking cups to locomotives is not appreciated.

In the first place labor absorbs nearly forty-four per cent of the gross earnings. In other words, of the total receipts pretty nearly one-half is paid out again to employees. In the case of the Pennsylvania that particular item meant about eighty millions last year; in the report of the Southern Pacific it figured at something over sixty millions; in the operations of the Atchison it comprised about fifty millions; in the case of Baltimore & Ohio, it represented about forty-five millions; in respect to St. Paul and Union Pacific it aggregated forty millions each and so on to a very respectable grand total.

As taxpayers the railroads also present a noteworthy record. During the last five years Pennsylvania alone has paid out in the form of taxes something over thirty-two millions, Southern Pacific over twenty-four millions, Atchison in excess of nineteen millions; Union Pacific and New Haven above eighteen millions apiece; Great Northern and Northern Pacific something more than seventeen millions each and so on along the array of formidable figures.

Looked upon as purchasers of various commodities the railway systems loom up as colossal consumers. During the last five years Pennsylvania has expended two hundred and sixty-eight millions for maintenance of way, structure and equipment. This huge sum was disbursed in a vast variety of directions and gave employment to a host of workers. For similar purposes Southern Pacific disbursed one hundred and fifty-seven millions, Atchison one hundred and sixty-two millions, Baltimore & Ohio one hundred and thirty-five millions, and Great Northern, Louisville & Nashville, St. Paul and Union Pacific between ninety and ninety-five millions each.

These figures combine to form a picture of stupendous proportions. They bring us in touch with fundamental factors and elucidate the importance of railroad welfare to the rest of the commercial community.

A perturbed merchant writing to his paper concerning commercial conditions concludes his letter by asserting that "The people would like to know which animal is the most dangerous to the country—an educated Jackass, an educated Elephant, or an educated Moose." The more or less educated Bulls and Bears hope to be informed as to the verdict.

The clever art of making money beget money has not yet been lost judging by the announcement on the part of the German Exchange Bank of a semi-annual dividend of ten per cent, of the Bank of America of a semi-annual dividend of fourteen per cent, and of the Hanover National Bank of a quarterly dividend of five per cent.

Surprises connected with the purchase of certain classes of bonds are illustrated in the present scheme of rehabilitating Rock Island. According to the plan the possessor of collateral four per cent bonds is to be converted into a mere stockholder, receiving sixty-two and one-half per cent of old common stock. This proceeding will automatically impose an assessment upon him varying according to the price he paid when he became a bondholder.

Some stocks are ex-dividend quarterly, some semi-annually, and some all the year 'round.

On July first over two hundred and sixty-eight million dollars were released in the shape of interest and dividends. This is no psychological phenomenon but real substantial cash. Where will it lodge?

The greater the restraint in respect to money withheld from the investment market at present the stronger will be the impetus to purchase when conditions once more justify the flow of funds in that direction.

Money that in ordinary circumstances would be employed in industrial enterprises is finding its way into the bond market. Thus invested it brings a yield of say five per cent. At work in its proper field it would return ten, perhaps fifteen per cent. The difference is a distinct economic loss.

Albert Ulmann.

In writing to advertisers, please say "I saw it in Puck."

PROGRESS

FRIEND: But with all their improvements, with all their so-called conquest of the air, they don't seem able to make aviation safe.

AVIATOR: Yes they have. Wonderful strides have recently been made in that direction. Dardevil, the Frenchman, has just discovered and demonstrated that there is absolutely no danger of a machine falling if the aviator hangs by the tips of his toes, keeping his body at the same time in a horizontal position.

GENERAL ORDERS

HOUSEWIFE: Why don't you join the army?

HOB: No chance, lady. He canned me twice.

HOUSEWIFE: Who?

HOB: Why Coxey, uv course!

THE WHY OF IT

SKIDDS: Me thinks he's the whole show.

SKITTLES: Sure; he's a farce.



FINEST materials, expert mixing to measure, and lastly aging in the wood give the exquisite blending, the delightful smoothness, the rare fragrance that no other method can produce. Your dealer has your favorite variety. Buy a bottle today.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, New York, London
Importers of the famous Brand's A-1 Sauce

"PIPING ROCK" SPORT SHIRT, \$1.98

For Athletic Men

The "PIPING ROCK" Shirt is a citified Rough Rider Shirt, made of light weight Oxford cloth, Norfolk style, collar flaring at the neck when the wearer is playing tennis or some other strenuous game—but with clever arrangement whereby it can be buttoned up at the collar for street wear or after the game is over. A pocket is concealed away in a fold or plait of the Shirt.

It is really an adaptation of a foreign idea that has become very popular abroad among outdoor men. Very moderate at \$1.98.



ABRAHAM AND STRAUSS
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

The Detroit "Saturday Night" says of The Post-Impressionist:

"Only now and then do we find a writer who sees the laughable side of life and pictures it to us so that we can see it too. Dooley is one of these elect. Another is Stephen Leacock, the Canadian Mark Twain. . . . But we think quite as much of Simeon Strunsky's humorous essays, which we are now publishing. Strunsky is more subtle. He delights in turning up the foolish edge of the most serious situations. But he, too, makes people laugh, God bless him. Unless we cultivate that saving sense of humor which helps us to see life in its proper proportions we are bound to take some things too seriously and so intensify our own misery and the misery of those who have to live with us."

In The New York Evening Post
Saturday Magazine every week

THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 17)

leather strap and his papa's biceps. Shaw loathes children whipping. He even goes further. He loathes education on conventional lines, but he makes a strong plea for religious, not secular, training. You open your eyes. But Shaw's idea of religion is hardly orthodox. He tells us much of his youth, hardly a happy one. He argues from special instances, personal analogies, yet I defy you not to nod approval, not to smile at his humor and irrepressible audacity.

Shakespeare and the Sonnets

The plays in the volume did not interest me much, clever as they are; for one thing, I've seen several of them acted, and know of what poor dramatic stuff they are composed. But the preface to that whimsical trifle, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," shows us a Shaw who has seriously studied his Shakespeare; indeed, I know but few scholars and specialists who reveal more familiarity with the plays. His handling of the unpleasant accusations against Shakespeare's moral character—as supposedly set forth in the sonnets—is excellent, as is his treatment of the special case of Oscar Wilde. There is no preface to "Fanny's First Play," for that entertaining piece is after all a preface by itself; in dialogue be it understood. But in the end all these paradoxes, pyrotechnics, and revaluations of morals are only variations of the eternal monkey in mankind. I can almost hear Dr. Georg Brandes gnashing his teeth over the Shavian Shakespeare.

Summer Reading

There's lots of interesting summer reading which is not fiction. Simeon Strunsky, of *The Evening Post*, conceived the notion that it would be a joyous thing to put between covers his "Post-Impressions," and the result has justified him. As literary editor, Mr. Strunsky must read and pass judgment upon hundreds and hundreds of books annually. It is a job that usually shrivels the soul and makes for purblindness. But it seems to have the opposite effect on this open-eyed observer and man of elastic temperament. His castigations are all the sharper for their apparently casual administration. Mr. Strunsky is a satirist who dips his pen in a refreshing mixture of honey and gall. He is a gay ironist. His range of topics is wide. He writes for the man in the street and the scholar on the housetop, and with a surpassingly sly touch for the woman at home and abroad. I find "Post-Impressions" diverting at any hour in the twenty-four, and written by a philosopher without a burdensome message. The "Gaya Scienza" would be an excellent subtitle for these brilliant essays.

Mary Cassatt, America's greatest woman figure painter, and, by the grace of God—as the Germans say—the painter of babies par excellence, has been celebrated in a volume written by Achille Segard. It is illustrated, and furnishes a readable account of Miss Cassatt's career. It should be given an English garb.

An old-time contributor of PUCK, Brander Matthews, once upon a time a Bohemian living in New York and Paris, now a professor at Columbia, has collected various verse of his and issued it for private circulation only, under the title of "Fugitives from Justice." Some of the poems appeared three decades ago in PUCK. Wit and fancy and literary verve mark them all.

James Francis Cooke, editor of the *Etude*, a monthly magazine devoted to the art of playing the piano, has interviewed the leading piano virtuosi of our day, and from their sometime unwilling lips extorted the secrets of their various prison houses. He has published these conferences under the caption of "Great Pianists on Piano Playing," and among the names given we find those of Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Carreno, Katharine Goodson, Pachmann, Busoni, Godowsky, Harold Bauer, Gabrilowitsch—the latter Mark Twain's son-in-law—Scharwenka, Josef Hoffmann, Emil Sauer, and others. I miss Joseffy, Paderewski, and Rosenthal, but the omission of these names was unavoidable. Joseffy was ill, Paderewski was too exhausted from a protracted tournee to give a satisfactory interview, while Rosenthal has not visited America for some time. But the book is valuable. One fact crops up in all the advice of the great artists of the keyboard—no matter whether you had better play scales or not, finger exercises or not, the fugues of Johann Sebastian Bach cannot be neglected if you wish to be among the musical elect. Let slide the entire repertory of studies, but stick to Bach! I recall Moriz Rosenthal's answer to me years ago when I asked him about technical finger exercises: "Oh, yes, after you have played music all day, ten or fifteen minutes of finger work in the evening won't hurt you." The wisdom of the serpent lies in this remark. Fancy the consternation of thousands of students who read this, and then realize the vanity of technical exercises! The truth is, a great pianist is born as well as made, and all the industry in the world will not avail him or her if the talent isn't there from the beginning. Besides, all the world plays the pianola nowadays and isn't interested as of yore in technique, with a big T.

"The more I see of my neighbor's kids," remarked the observant bachelor, "the better I like Mexicans!"

Puck



FIREPROOF CURRENCY

POLLY PINKTIGHTS: Young Tightwad is crazy mad about you. He says his heart is on fire.

TOTTIE TWINKLETOES: Well, I haven't noticed any of the flames extending to his money.

RUBBED IN

CRAWFORD: What's so hard about living in a bungalow?

CRABSHAW: When your friends visit you and you have to pretend that you like it.

The woman who puts all her money on her back these days looks as if she didn't have much to spend.

POWDER IN SHOES AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot-Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne.

Under the above heading the *Detroit Free Press*, among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

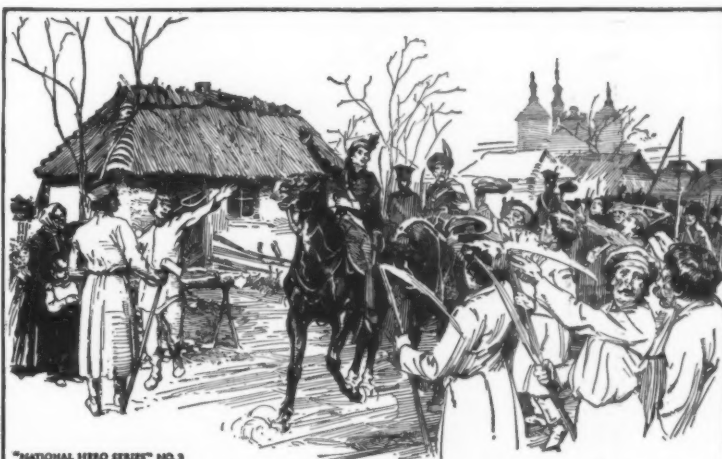
The Government's foot powder order is regarded as the last word in the scientific outfitting of the defenders of the flag."

This foot powder, shaken in the shoes of soldiers, has long been in use in the German army, and Uncle Sam's adoption of this form of treating and easing the feet, is in line with the expressions heard daily for more than twenty years, in all parts of the world, from millions of people who are shaking Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet, into their shoes, as the only practical and lasting treatment for easing and absolutely preventing sore feet. It can be obtained from dealers everywhere for 25c. or a trial package will be sent by mail free if you write to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. [Adv.]

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"NATIONAL HERO SERIES" NO. 3

Kosciusko—"The Greatest of the Poles"

NEVER in the history of mankind has there lived a more ardent lover of Personal and National Liberty. He fought with intrepid valor under our own Washington for American Liberty. He devoted his life to regain the ancient freedom of his beloved Poland. Kosciusko hated any legislative attempt which invaded the *Natural Rights of Man*. If he were alive today, every son of Poland knows that he would revolt at any LAW which declared: "Thou shalt NOT eat this—thou shalt NOT drink that." Kosciusko knew that the light wines of his native land and the barley brews of Germany were good for mankind when used in moderation. He drank them himself to the end of his honored days, and who will DARE say that they injured this mighty personality. For 57 years Anheuser-Busch have honestly brewed honest beers. Their great brand—BUDWEISER—is sold throughout the world, and has helped the cause of true temperance. Seven thousand five hundred men are daily required to keep pace with the natural demand of Americans for BUDWEISER. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

ANHEUSER - BUSCH, ST. LOUIS

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Budweiser
Means Moderation





OLD SCHOOLMATES

The man they used to call "Tow-Head" meets the girl they used to call "Spindle-Shanks"

SMALL TOWN SCANDAL

UNCLE EZRA: None of the Wobble family are attending any of the social functions this year. There must have been a death in the family.

UNCLE EBEN: Yep. That's it. They buried old Grandpa Wobble in the family dress-suit.

THE INCENTIVE

MRS. BROWN (in kitchen, smilingly): My! Everything is fairly shining, Olga! I fear you're spending too much time in cleaning.

NEW SERVANT: I ain't always so partickler, mum, but I don't know but what me feller might call this evening!



WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA

Each one of these gentlemen belongs to eleven different clubs, each club the counterpart of this one



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Pure beer is food.

Light starts decay even in pure beer.

Any beer in a light bottle is exposed to danger of impurity.

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Why should any brewer ask you to?

Schlitz Brown Bottle keeps out light and protects the purity.

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LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

"You wring my heart!" wailed the youth whom the Vassar girl had just refused.

"I'd rather wring your heart than wring your clothes," she said.—*Livingston Lance*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

THE BOOM CONTINUES.

C. B. Eyer, a former Evanstonian who for seven years has been living in Lower California, is spending a few weeks in Chicago. A few days after his arrival he happened to meet Harvey Johnson, of Los Angeles. Each was surprised to meet the other.

"Hello, Eyer," said Johnson, "what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm attending to a few little business matters," Eyer replied. "I didn't expect to find you in Chicago."

"I just got in this morning."

"Did you come straight through?"

"Yes."

"How is everything in Los Angeles? I left there a week ago, Monday. Had to stop over for a few days in Salt Lake City."

"Everything's fine. Say, you'd be surprised to see how the town has grown since you left."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Murine Eye Tonic has Won Many Friends for that "Morning After the Night Before" Feeling.

FATHER AND SON.

A certain Chicago business man is the father of a youth of a most literal tendency. Last spring, when the father left for Europe, where he was to spend the entire summer, he promised the lad that, if he were to attain a certain mark in his studies, his reward would be a Continental trip with his father.

The prospect of such a trip stimulated the lad to such a degree that he attained a mark even higher than that set him by his parent. He cabled his father the one word, "Yes."

It would seem, however, that the pater had forgotten his offer, for, after thinking over the message, he cabled back: "Yes, what?"

Then, in turn, the son was perplexed. Finally, after due reflection, he cabled to his father: "Yes, sir."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"THAT horrid woman has broken up my home!"
"Taken away your husband?"
"No; the cook."—*Baltimore American*.

HOTEL PURITAN

Commonwealth Avenue
Boston



The Distinctive Boston House

A hotel of the highest class,
with moderate rates

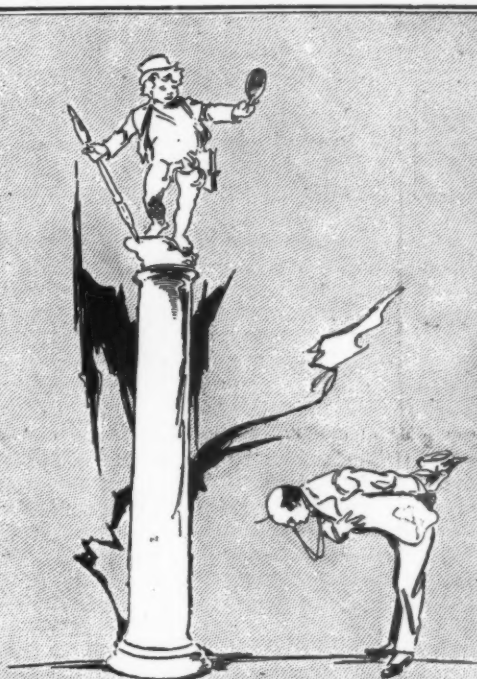
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Order from any dealer.

That Is the Universal Verdict About Imperial



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After 40 years—

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—a staff that includes Hy Mayer, Joseph Keppler, Lawson Wood, Barribal, Strimpl, Glackens, Fornaro and de Zayas among the artists—

—James Huneker, Edgar Saltus, John Kendrick Bangs, de Casseres, Percival Wilde, Dana Burnet and Freeman Tilden among the masters of humor, criticism and satire—

—small wonder, indeed, that Puck to-day is voted America's cleverest weekly by those who know.

Puck

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